

When Pride Defies the Fall

Recently, I've been experiencing a personal revelation that's challenging everything I was taught about pride. You know the saying, "Pride goeth before fall"? Well, I'm starting to see pride differently now— not as a dangerous flaw, but as a sign of the hard work it takes to really know oneself and improve. It's about being able to look back at all you've done and feel deeply thankful—for the journey and for those who have supported you along the way.

Tonight, I feel a powerful sense of pride, not in the negative sense I once feared, but as a celebration of my own persistence and strength. I spoke up against unfair and heavy-handed bureaucracy, defending someone whose rights are being trampled, at a time when they should be respected more than ever.

The pivotal moment came when I emphatically sent away those who were trying to bully an individual in their own home. They were acting disgracefully, as though they had the right to tell this person what they could and couldn't do—treating him like a misbehaving child rather than the adult he is. I stood my ground and made it clear: "What will you do if he doesn't listen? Call the cops? This is his home. He has the right to make his own choices, whether or not you agree."

In standing up for someone else, I've come to a stark realization: I am meant to be an advocate, standing up for others. It's more than a role; it feels like a calling.

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